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GAR SQUARE.

### THE BACCARAT VERDICT.

The verdict in the baccarat case has come, and it is against Sir William Gordon-Cumming. In other words, that har-  
lot, lately a distinguished member of En-  
glish society, is now cast beyond the pale,  
as being a person who has been practically  
pronounced guilty of cheating at cards.  
This is the view of the case as it affects  
one individual most closely concerned.  
The verdict means to him social death and  
a train of consequences more painful  
than any other that could be imagined to a  
man of his position.

But there is another prominent individual  
who should really feel himself not less con-  
cerned than Gordon-Cumming, and in his  
case there is the difference that a ver-  
dict either way could not have altered  
the unpleasant bearing of the case and  
the circumstances upon him and his  
family. This person is the Prince of Wales.  
No penalty of social ostracism visited upon another man  
can wipe out the effect of the publicity  
given to the habits of this figure  
through the baccarat trial. Things  
heretofore only whispered of as light  
gossip concerning a rather fast scion of  
royalty have become established as pub-  
lished and scandalous truths against the  
man whom hereditary marks as England's  
most probable ruler. That this is so is a  
direct blow at the English reverence for the  
Throne, imbedded in generations of sub-  
mission to a Crowned Head.

The effect of this blow is bound to be  
lasting and growing. It will be aided in  
its growth by the bold words of Sir Edward  
Clarke, who yesterday said in such plain  
language that the Prince must suffer with  
his client.

Old England will yet and yet again have  
reason to remember the day when those  
famous games of baccarat got into court.

### ALL SHOULD ASSEET THEM.

Many people are hard-hearted enough to  
calmly look upon suffering which a very  
small effort on their part would relieve and  
refuse to make that effort. Charity is in  
every human being to some extent, and  
nothing moves it more quickly than to see  
near at hand a fellow-creature in distress.  
This is the case with the suffering chil-  
dren in the poor quarters of this town.  
They are here, almost at your very hand.  
They twist and turn on their beds to which  
sickness nails them through the heated  
term. And this pain and discomfort can  
be allayed or entirely removed by a trifling  
contribution on the part of the men and  
women of New York.

If you feel this, you will not hesitate  
to send your donation to The Evening  
World's Free Doctors Fund. Let it be as  
modest as you will. It is the number of  
contributions which will swell the fund,  
not the large donations of a few indi-  
viduals.

Think of this for a moment or two and  
you will see the truth of it. If you feel that  
it is so, that is enough. Nothing more will  
be needed to bring you into the list of con-  
tributors. But contribute now, that the  
children may have a brief period of sum-  
mer suffering.

### PEOPLES FORESTRY ACTION.

The Forestry Commission means to save  
the North Woods and the Hudson River.  
A resolution was adopted at yesterday's  
meeting declaring that as soon as the first  
overt act of the railroad builders in the pre-  
serve is reported an application will be  
made to the courts for an injunction. Per-  
mission has been obtained from the At-  
torney-General and the Comptroller to make  
such an application, and no time will be  
lost after factually such a proceeding.  
There is commendable promptness in this  
action of the Commission, but no more  
than the circumstances called for. The  
railroad company's advance on the forests  
had been made so stealthily that it was time  
for positive action immediately upon their  
discovery. And it is by no means time yet  
to grow less careful in watching the pro-  
ceedings of the would-be grabbers.

Sometimes a suicide may be pitted,  
sometimes he may be excused, but when a  
fine, stout man of thirty-two kills himself  
because he has the toothache the act  
arouses more indignation than anything  
else. Nobody who has ever had it will  
smile at the toothache. But while cold  
steel remains such a simple remedy for that  
evil, there is no excuse for rushing into the  
arms of death for relief. A certain degree  
of fortitude is necessary to every human  
being, and if it is wanting, what is left is  
not worth respect.

A parent has some right to object to a  
sixteen-year-old son taking up himself a  
wife. Even grown-up adults of experience  
and fully developed faculties know too little  
about matrimony, until they get into it, to  
be guarded against mistakes. But children  
know less. Two mothers, however, tried,  
illegitimately, a bold scheme to block their  
boys' love affairs by shutting their boys up  
in reformatories. This is an excellent way  
to prevent their marrying, but it cannot  
have a good effect on their characters.

One week from Saturday next The World  
proposes to give to 10,000 poor children of  
the metropolis, in the Madison Square  
Garden, the biggest kind of a strawberry  
festival. In addition to the sweet natu-

rally incident to such an occasion, there  
will be a musical entertainment from  
Gilmora's Band, and all will be merry as a  
chime of marriage bells. It is a novel  
enterprise, calculated to carry unabated  
joy to the hearts of its child beneficiaries.

A Judge compelled by a mandatory statu-  
te to sentence a man to imprisonment,  
though the circumstances of his act were  
greatly extenuating, gave him one hour.  
The prisoner spent it in dining with the  
Sheriff. He began his prison life with the  
Sheriff and concluded it with the coffee. A  
lighter term of incarceration could hardly  
be found. The law was satisfied and so  
was everybody concerned.

Everybody admits that temperance is a  
great good, and that inebriety is an evil.  
But what can be said of policemen who  
stopped a Cambridge funeral procession on  
its way to the graveyard and searching the  
carriages on the mere suspicion that they  
had liquor in them? They hadn't, nor had  
the police the least sense of official propri-  
ety.

In a "popular demonstration" at Wash-  
ington Secretary Blaine's circular to com-  
pulsory of the South and Central American  
States, relative to the best means of intro-  
ducing American beer into those countries,  
has been denounced. Yet it is not claimed  
that it would not be good beer.

They think now that JOSEPH SHANAHAN,  
the had man who escaped from Deputy  
Sheriff BAKER Saturday, got the key to the  
handcuffs from his sister, who slipped it  
into his mouth as she was kissing him.  
Usually a key to a lock is not necessary,  
but Jo's sister thought it was.

That was a great scheme of a wealthy  
German in Indiana, whose daughter was to  
be married in Prussia. He had a mock  
ceremony performed at his home at the  
identical time the real one occurred so that  
the relatives on this side could better assist  
at the latter in spirit.

A Kentucky murderer had just got a  
grant for a new trial from the Court of Ap-  
peals when a mob set in and hanged him.  
Mob law is hardly a satisfactory remedy,  
however, for quibbling with the real law,  
even in cases of capital crimes.

Evidence seems to accumulate that Secre-  
tary NOBLE means to resign. Has he be-  
come convinced that, like ex-Senator IN-  
GALLS, he is "too old to be a private clerk  
to Mr. HARRISON?"

England lends the way toward the preser-  
vation of the seal. The House of Lords  
passed the bill allowing the Queen to pro-  
claim a close season.

"Uncle JERRY" RUCK is for HARRISON,  
according to the morning despatches. But  
what of the people who are for Uncle  
JERRY?

There are signs of peace between HARRI-  
son and QUAY. While, perhaps, amounts  
to war between ambition and respectabil-  
ity.

Did Sir Edward CLARKE mean that the  
Prince of Wales is a knave of baccarat?

Remember the Free Doctors Fund to  
keep it booming.

The Giants made it nine straight yester-  
day.

### SPOTLETS.

Whatever may be thought about March as a sea-  
son, he seems to be a neglected dog, if any.

The prints of the day may be affected toward Gre-  
gon-Gumming by the views of the Prince of Wales.

"Whipped cream" does not argue any badness in  
it, as whipped boy does.

A murderer in New York has no fear of getting a  
second trial. It almost looks as if he hadn't  
fear having to stand any charge outside of court,  
too.

"There is plenty of room at the top,"  
said a man who had just been promoted. "I  
will get there if I can."

Sir Gordon-Cumming may find that winning ways  
at baccarat do not always secure the best fruits.

"That was a regular theater of a hand," said  
Goodwood. "Didn't you see it sweep the deck?"

Mr. Haine is as ill as he can be thought to find  
a certain property in being surrounded by sick-  
opponents.

The style of "collar" for "Coney Island" beer is as  
high this season as ever.

Mr. Charles Russell may be a cross-examiner, but  
the Prince was something of a witness.

### WORLDINGS.

Probably the lowest railway junction in the world  
is at Glasgow, Scotland, where the London and  
Brighton and South Coast and the London and  
Northwestern Railways cross. Between 7 o'clock  
in the morning and 10 at night, 1,000 trains pass  
this junction at one of the busiest of the world.

In the great animal market at Hamburg, in Ger-  
many, giraffes sell at \$7,000 a pair, chimpanzees go  
at \$300 a pair, and select lots of Sumatra monkeys  
at \$1,000.

Mr. Wolsey, who is in command of the British  
forces in Ireland, is fifty-eight years old and pro-  
bably the best soldier in England. He is a native  
Irishman and the son of a soldier. He entered the  
service at eighteen.

"Gordon-Cumming, the French author, is fond of  
that around his desk and nibble at his pen  
when he writes. He has a magnificent Angora  
cat which he is extremely fond of and in honor  
of which he has composed a volume.

Frank Bonarick is a new, charming and attractive  
hostess in her quiet home and looks after the  
comfort of her guests with the most most solici-  
tude. Her husband's devotion to her is most touch-  
ing, and she is the confidante of all the cases, both  
private and official.

Down Town the Foot.  
[From Punch.]  
"Don't you know me? Why, he's a prom-  
inent limb of the law."

"Well, then, the law must be on its  
last legs."

A parent has some right to object to a  
sixteen-year-old son taking up himself a  
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## SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

### THE PATENT TOWEL-RACK MAN.

"By gum! But I thought you'd got lost or sunbaked!" ex-  
claimed the patent  
towel-rack man from Fluc-  
kiberry Plains as he  
suddenly ran across  
him in University  
place the other day.  
"Well, how is the  
towel-rack coming?"  
"Fast-rate-fast-rate! She's a-comin' to  
the front like a two-hundred pound pump-  
kin at a county fair!"  
"Then the public is beginning to appre-  
ciate its merits!"  
"Jist beginnin' to ketch on in great  
shape. I don't blame 'em for wantin' to  
go slow and sure. I'm fast by myself.  
When a tin-peddler stuck Huckleberry  
Plains with an egg-beater with turned on  
a cog-wheel and a handle, I jist sat down on  
the veranda and worked it half a day in a  
pail of water and then told him I guessed  
I'd wait till Fall and see what other folks  
said. I was right. He was a fast fellow, but  
a tin spittin' with a landscape on it, and  
then he beat the peddler down 18 cents!"  
"How many orders are you taking  
daily?" I asked.  
"From twenty to thirty, and I'll have  
to hire Bill Stevens to help him make 'em.  
I'm expectin' a hundred to-morrow. Silly  
says this 'ere towel-rack is a real all-  
round excitement in our town that a man  
went through there with a dancing bear the  
other day and nobody even looked at him.  
The other day there was fifteen of our folks  
on the grocery stairs and a rabbit  
run into Squire Thompson's wood-pile.  
Seems a purty tuff statement to make, but  
Silly says that not a darned one of 'em  
moved to ketch that rabbit! It's got so  
over there you can't hardly get a man to go  
and look at a sick horse, 'cause he's 'fraid  
he'll miss some news about this towel-rack."  
"Well, I'm glad you are doing so well."  
"Thanks. I like to meet a man who  
don't want it all for himself. That's the  
trouble in our town. When Hank Taylor  
sold down a haystack and stuck a pitchfork  
through his leg, he got \$100 a week accident  
insurance, and you believe, Jim Henderson,  
was so gaud-darned jealous about it that  
he tried to poison one of Hank's kids! I'll  
jist bet you a stack of wheat grain  
a haystack that I should be taken  
sick and have to go home, there hasn't  
a woman in Huckleberry Plains that would  
send me in any chicken soup or lend us any  
pill-cases! I kin jist set up one eye and  
imagine how Bill Parkinson, the boss doc-  
tor, is piteous in me at the drug store  
and how that wall-eyed, bow-backed Pete  
Brown, the shoemaker, is blowin' about the  
50 cents I owe him for patchin' that  
boot! Say! A fellow has got to look out  
for himself in New York, hasn't he?"  
"He certainly has!"

"Feller come up to me the other day  
and looks my towel-rack all over and says:  
'I'm the President of the Ancient and  
Venerable Order of the K. G. M., and I'll  
take one of those to put on exhibition in  
our hall to show the advance of civilization.'"

"He gimme a ten-dollar bill, and I was  
so tickled I didn't put on my spectacles to  
see if the picture on it looked all right. I  
made change, and it was two hours afore I  
discovered that I had bin hornswoggled.  
Wasn't that wicked?"

"That was too bad!"

"Wall, it might have bin for Deacon  
Tooker, of our town, who never had any  
luck. Had two cows mired in one swamp  
in one summer, and his clothesline breaks  
regularly every week when they get the washin' bung  
out. I'm purty lucky, though. I  
sot out to hunt fur that feller, and bimely  
I found him. I seen him on the hind end  
of a Broadway car, and I jump on and  
takes him by the neck and says:

"I am the President of the Ancient and  
Venerable Order of the P. D. Q., and I'll  
take \$7.50 in good money for this counter-  
feit bill or wotley ye fill yer  
wonderful 'know ye from a dead cat'!"

"He tried to skeer me out of it, but  
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The conductor said it was the first circus  
he had bin to this Summer, and when I  
showed him my towel-rack—thirteen  
revolutions of the roller—saves a quarter  
of a yard of towelling—only one tenpenny  
nail—pocket on the side for the fine comb—  
he bought one and said he'd recommend it  
to all his friends."

Wanted Her Wedded.  
[From the Epoch.]  
Pardon Longneck (a Eastern Kentucky)  
do you take this woman to be your wedded  
wife?

Blackwicks Bridgeman—Sartilly, sartilly—  
don't want her without she is applied to me.

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The Summer side of the policemen and of  
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The inseparable Wormer brothers are en-  
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Noe! Noe! Unutterable Noe!  
Why endure it daily, surely, we had well  
high, surely! They do who are tormented by chronic  
neuralgia. The remedy, botanic, pure, safe and  
strong, is at hand. When the evidence is before  
of Dr. Hester's Stomach Bitters, it would be  
found to be with well substantiated proof the  
medicine is both a preventive and a remedy in  
this malady of varying stages and ever present  
danger. To forward it should be the disease  
of prevention. Reckless dangerous medicine.  
For more effective, more certain, more permanent  
in the benevolent consequences is the use of the  
Bitters. Experience induces the recommendations  
of physicians and a crowd of others. They are  
with persistence and expert relief. Mother's  
Stomach Bitters relieve constipation, biliousness,  
indigestion, dyspepsia and morbid humors.

"Drink  
Pretty  
Creature,  
Drink."

Knapp's  
ROOT BEER  
EXTRACT

Makes a  
Glass of  
Root Beer  
Ready in  
5 minutes.

Describe a feeling peculiar to persons of dys-  
peptic tendency, or caused by change of climate,  
season or life. The stomach is out of order, the  
head aches or does not feel right, the nerves  
seem strained to their utmost, the mind is con-  
fused and irritable. This condition finds an ex-  
cellent corrective in

Hood's Sarsaparilla  
which, by its regulating and tonic powers, soon  
restores harmony to the system, and gives that  
strength of mind, nerves, and body, which  
makes one feel well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists.  
Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
100 DOLLARS ONE DOLLAR.

## SEND THE DIMES.

Poor Babies Need Your Help in the Hot Season.

Start the Corps of Free Doctors on Their Rounds.

Every Penny is Put to Its Best Possible Use.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

"The Evening World".....\$100.00  
Previously acknowledged.....\$25.00  
N. A. L. D. ....1.00  
M. A. T. and R. A. T. ....1.00  
E. C. ....1.00  
D. ....1.00  
A. W. B. ....1.00  
Sympathizing Mother.....1.00

The thought of being able to save one, at  
least, of the many poor infants of this city  
from a lingering death or a life of disease  
should be an impetus to every one to subscribe  
to the Free Doctor Fund.

There are thousands of poor babies in this  
city of the necessary comforts of life, and  
to whom the hot season means suffering  
not only to them, but to the parents also.

Every penny received for this purpose is put  
to its best possible use, and this, too,  
another reason for its collection, as there  
is no indiscriminate charity about it, but cases  
where money and medicine are most needed  
are sought out and relieved.

Now is the time to send in the dimes or dol-  
lars, which ever can be best spared.

Fill the lives with good. Speak charity,  
and remember that "he who gives quickly  
gives twice."

From Dottie.

Enclosed you will find a dime for the Sick Babies'  
Fund, which I hope will do some good.

Sympathizing Mother.

Enclosed find a dime. Come, mothers, every  
one to the front with the same amount. Help  
the most noble mission of "Feed My Lambs"  
with one dime. I will count.

A Brooklyn Friend.

Enclosed please find \$1 for the Sick Babies'  
Fund. A. L. D.

Papa's Gift.

Enclosed find 10 cents for sick babies. I am  
very poor or I would send more. A. W. B.

R. K. Papa gave me this and I thought I  
would send it to the babies.

It Helps Along.

Enclosed please find 50 cents for poor sick  
Sick Babies' Fund to help along the little ones.

Fifty Cents Each.

Enclosed please find \$1 for the Sick Babies'  
Fund from my sister and I.

M. A. T. and R. A. T.

Two Kind Friends.

Please find enclosed \$3 for the Sick Babies'  
Fund from

NINA and GLADYS.

A Willing Friend.

Please find enclosed 50 cents to your Sick  
Babies' Fund, from

WILLING.

THE CLEANER.

When Secretary Foster was in town last  
week hobnobbing with the bankers and  
moneyed men of Gotham, I saw him several  
times in Wall Street looking arm in arm with  
Solomon Hephurn, who never left the Secretary  
of the night during his visit. It is safe to  
say that not one in a thousand in the busy  
streets which crowded the streets in the  
vicinity of the Sub-Treasury recognized the  
Cabinet officer, who from his appearance,  
might very well be taken for a well-to-do  
farmer who had casually drifted down to that  
part of the city to take in the sights of his busy  
life. A loosely-fitting "pepper-and-salt" suit,  
a broad-brimmed straw hat and a cotton necktie  
aroused no suspicion on the part of observers, and the Secretary was just  
about to enter his car, when he was stopped by  
a young man, who said to him in a low voice:  
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head aches or does not feel right, the nerves  
seem strained to their utmost, the mind is con-  
fused and irritable. This condition finds an ex-  
cellent corrective in

Hood's Sarsaparilla  
which, by its regulating and tonic powers, soon  
restores harmony to the system, and gives that  
strength of mind, nerves, and body, which  
makes one feel well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists.  
Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
100 DOLLARS ONE DOLLAR.

## FADS, FASHIONS AND FANCIES THAT DELIGHT THE GENTLER SEX.

Homespun and Tweeds Are Fashionable—Gold and Silver Safety.

Pins—Hired Girls in Sweden—Mourning Regulations.

There is a somewhat dangerous sub-  
ject about which to weave the web of sen-  
sation. There is so much that is unpoetic,  
material and utterly gross about this separation  
that we hesitate to ask you for a divorced  
heroine or sympathy for a divorced hero. In  
France, where marriage is not semi-religious,  
divorce is much more intelligible. In America,  
however, where a revered somebody is  
always on hand to listen to all the wearing to  
cherish and obey and endure, divorce is not  
interesting, and hardly tolerable as a subject  
for romance. "Should She Divorce Him?"  
would be a much better title for a novel than  
Stuart's play, for it would give the audience  
an opportunity to rise up in righteous in-  
dignation and say "No."

So much for the subject of divorce. I beg  
everybody's pardon for sitting down in this  
lovely June weather and discussing so polio-  
cortous a subject. To come down to the new  
play—or up to it—it may be said that Miss Cora  
Tanner has at last secured an agreeable and an  
entertaining, if an imperfect, play. For the  
divorce suggestions are merely suggestions.  
They are there, and they will be there. Every  
man and woman would be willing to answer  
the interrogation in the title negatively.

Clinton Stuart shows us Isabel Spencer and  
Philip Agar wedded under peculiar circum-  
stances. She loves him, but he is infatuated  
with a bold, bad, and very beautiful woman,  
the niece of an old and self-sacrificing lover, she  
is led to believe that she has really been di-  
vorced before that event has occurred. Then  
her heart begins to give battle, and she is  
torn between the two. She knows that she loves  
him, and as the final curtain descends she  
clings him to her throat, and the audience  
is left to wonder what will be the result.

The story is very pleasantly and brightly  
told. There are two characters in the  
play, and with them Mr. Stuart indulges in the  
farce of divorce. One of the serious de-  
fects of "Will She Divorce Him?" lies in the  
inartistic fact that Mr. Stuart has not con-  
verted the two stories in the least. The Isabel  
Spencer